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Sketches of French Musical History.

XIII.

COMIC OPERA.

1595—1800.

As the chanson engendered the Vaudeville so the Vaudeville was parent of the Comic Opera. The latter in fact was the child of both, since in the Vaudeville *airs* had succeeded the old slow moving tunes.

At first Allard and Bertrand, associated with Widow Maurice and Decelles, had the theatrical exhibitions of the Fair in their hands alone. They afterwards shared them with Dolet and Laplace and were succeeded by Octave and Dominique. Their successors were Saint-Edme and Madame Baron, after whom came Francisque and Lalauze. At length Ponteau obtained from the Academy of Music the right to establish the comic opera, which he held until its suppression in 1742.

The Theatre de la Foire began with farces in which rope dancers mingled their performances. In course of time they began to give fragments of old Italian pieces, to the great discontent of the French comedians, who obtained a prohibition of the giving any piece in dialogue or monologue by the actors of the Foire. They immediately had recourse to the plan of giving the text to the spectators who sang, while the orchestra played the tune; but afterward they obtained from the opera the right of singing.

Lesage, Fuzelier and d'Orneval began immediately to compose pieces different from the vaudeville, being in peculiar, rhymed couplets, and the new form took the name of *Opera Comique*.

The first Comic Opera mentioned by Desboulmiers, in his "Histoire du Theatre de l'Opera Comique" is a piece in one act entitled *Le Retour d'Arlequin à la foire*. It was represented Feb. 12, 1712. Then came *La Querelle des Theatres* and in 1718 *des Funerailles de la Foire*, a piece referring to the suppression of the Opera Comique through the combined influence of the French and Italian comedies. It was not revived again until the Fair of Saint Laurence in 1721, when a piece in one act was performed called *Le Rappel de la Foire à la Vie*. At length after numberless vicissitudes Monet—whose motto was *Monet, mulcet, movet*—reopened the comic opera at the Fair of St. Germain in 1752; and ten years later the company was officially reunited to the Italian comedy. In 1780 the Italian actors withdrew, Carlin excepted; but it was not until 1793, after the law granting liberty to the theatre, that the concern took again a national name, Opera Comique, though originating at the Fair, in dramatic exhibitions which go back to the year 1595. In fact so long ago as Feb. 5, 1596, the Theatre de la Foire St. Germain had been duly recognized and had its privileges upon the payment of the two crowns per annum to the Brotherhood of the Passion.

After Lesage, Fuzelier and d'Orneval, the

most successful authors for the comic opera during the 18th century were, Piron, Panard, Carolet, Fagan, Favart, Delisle, Marivaux, Antreau, Boissy, Vadé, Laujon, Anseume and Sedaine. The most distinguished composers of that era were Gilliers, Dauvergne, Duni, Philidor, Monsigny and Gretry. Of the second rank, Blavet, Aubert, Alexandre, de la Croix, Mouret, Lacoste, Laruelle an excellent actor, Blaise, Desbrosses, Trial, de La Borde, Dezede, Martini. To Jean Claude Gilliers, a composer very well forgotten now, is due a fame no less than that of having been the creator of that national French form of the musical drama, the comic opera. His *airs* are distinguished by frank gaiety neatness of rhythm and a melody easy to fix in the memory. Gilliers was born in Paris in 1667 and died there in 1727, aged 70 years. He began his career at the Comedie Française as a violinist, where he wrote the music for the dances in the small pieces of Regnard and Dancourt. As Fetis has not given a list of the works of this founder of the French comic opera, we add partly to fill the gap, the titles and dates of all his pieces, which we have been able to find.

1. *L' Hyménée royal*, an entertainment, text by Pellegrin, 1699.
2. *Cephale et Procris*, 3 acts, text by Dancourt, at the Comedie Française 1711.
3. *La Foire de Guibray*, text by Lesage, at the Fair of Saint Laurent, 1714.
4. *Le Tombeau de Nostradamus*, 1 act, Lesage, 1714.
5. *Parodie de Telemaque*, for the opening of the theatre of St. Edme, 1715.
6. *La Ceinture de Venus*, 2 acts, Lesage, 1715.
7. *Les Dieux à la Foire*, a prologue, 1724.
8. *L' Amante retrouvé*, 1 act, Largillière, Aug. 6, 1727.
9. *Sancho Pança*, 2 acts, Thierry; Aug. 28, 1727.
10. *La niece vengée*, 1 act, Panard, Aug. 28, 1731.
11. *La Comedie sans hommes*, Panard; Feb. 3, 1732.
12. *La Fille sauvage*, 1 act; July 7, 1732.
13. *Le Pot-Pourri comique*, 1 act; pantomime by Panard, 1732.
14. *Sophie et Sigismond*, 1 act.
15. *La première Representation*, Lesage; June 26, 1736.

It is true that all those pieces are far from deserving the title of real musical works, especially in their orchestration. But at that time they did not put the pedestal upon the stage and the statue in the orchestra—to use the fine simile of Gretry. Let us here express our regret that the bust of Gilliers has not been placed in the lobby of the Opera Comique. He was the originator of this form, a fact which should not be forgotten.

After Gilliers and his contemporaries, Mouret, de la Coste, de La Croix, Grandval, Aubert, Alexandre, &c., Dauvergne, (born at Clermont 1713 died at Lyons 1797) attracted public attention by his comic opera *Les Troqueurs*, given in 1753. Down to this time, music had mingled with the dialogue of the comedies only in the form of songs, suited to the action, or in the

vaudevilles at the end of the plays. *Les Troqueurs* on the other hand, was written in imitation of the Italian Intermezzos—the *Serva Padrona* of Pergolese for instance, performed at Paris in the autumn of 1752—that is, with recitatives to connect the musical pieces and gave a new impulse to the development of this child of the comedy—vaudeville. Hence it deserves some description.

Four persons, two men and two women, comprise all the elements of this little drama. Lucas and Lubin are to marry Margot and Fanchon; but before the knots are tied they fall into serious reflections upon the characters of their future spouses. The one is hot-tempered and headstrong as a devil, the other so easy as to be almost sleepy. The lovers conclude that each has a hard bargain and agree to exchange greatly for the worse. So having proved that the exchange has the balance on the wrong side, each takes his own again.

Le Jaloux corrigé by the flutist Blavet, born at Besancon in 1700, obtained a merited success; but soon after this was given there came to Paris an Italian composer, who wrote a series of works full of nature, grace, gaiety and comic power. This was Duni, born at Matera in the kingdom of Naples, Feb. 9, 1709, the tenth child of an obscure chapel master. He received his musical education at the conservatory dei *Poveri di Gesu Cristo* at Naples under the celebrated Durante, then at its head. Receiving a commission to compose the opera *Nero* for Rome, Duni found himself put in competition with Pergolese. The score of the latter was superior to Duni's, but the Neapolitan gained a success by being the first to proclaim in all companies Pergolese's superiority. After travelling extensively Duni was appointed music teacher to the crown prince of Parma. As French was a common language at that court, the composer was called upon to write several little operas in that language. He obtained a distinguished success with his *Ninette a la Cour* (1755,) text by Favart, and was then contrasted with the composition of *La Chercheuse d'Esprit* and *le Peintre amoureux de son modele*. He settled in Paris in 1757, where he wrote eighteen operas in the course of eighteen years. The most known are *Nina et Lindor*, (Sept. 9, 1758), *la Fille mal gardée* (1758), *l'Île des Fous* (1761), *la bonne Fille* (1762), *les Chasseurs et la Laitière* (July 21, 1763), *la Fee Urgée* (1765), *Clochette* (1766), *les Moissonneurs* (1768) *The-mire* (1770).

A dozen Italian and twenty French comic operas form a handsome aggregate of musical labor for Duni, who died at Paris June 11, 1775. All his works are full of grace and freshness; his instrumentation was usually extended only to the stringed quartette, sometimes two hautbois or two flutes being added. The vocal parts are, however, delicious, full of taste, nature and true and well conceived expression. The melodies are such as come from the heart, not leaving it void, like those of our day. When art has de-

generated into handicraft elsewhere, its decay is rapid; Let us hope for a revival also in music.

François André Danican Philidor, whose bust is still wanting in the lobby of the Opera Comique was a contemporary of Duni. He was born at Dréux, Sept. 7, 1727 of an old and distinguished musical family, and was admitted among the boys of the royal music at vaudevilles at the proper age, where he studied his art under Campora. Settling in Paris he gave instruction in eking out a living as a copyist. It was at that he studied chess for which he had remarkable talents. The nine years from 1745 to 1754 he spent in Germany, Holland and England, occupying himself much more with chess than with music. His first work for the theatre of the Fair of St Laurent was given March 9, 1759, and obtained a brilliant success. It was entitled *Blaise le savetier*; this was followed by *l'Huître et les Plaideurs*, *le Soldat magicien*, and *le Jardinier et son Seigneur*. Philidor became composer to the Opera Comique, ruling that stage for which he wrote thirteen works. The most remarkable of them are *Le Marechal*, in 1 act, *le Bûcheron*, *le Sorcier*, *Tom Jones* (1764), and *l'Amitié au Village*, (Oct. 31, 1785).

In 1777 he printed at London his *Analyse du jeu d'échecs*. May 23, 1786, he produced an unsuccessful work at the Grand Opera, *Themistocles*, in three acts, from which time he gave himself up entirely to his passion for chess at the café de Regence. The revolutionary troubles led him to return to London where he died Aug. 30, 1795. His music is free, natural and melodious; he drew his effects from nature and often produced picturesque and original rhythms. His instrumentation is simple, though horns and bassoons are added to the old hautbois and flutes.

Monsigny, a composer of noble family, was born two years after Philidor, at Fauquemberg, near St. Omer, Oct. 17, 1729. He was destined by his family to a financial career, but afterward entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, as *Major Domo*. Until his thirtieth year he lived quietly in the high circles, whence he gained that elegance of manner, which he preserved through life. A performance of Pergoleses *la Servante maîtresse*, awakened in him the impulse to write for the stage. He began the study of composition immediately with Gianotti, and after some informal essays of his powers, wrote the score of the *Aveux indiscrets*—and a piece given at the theatre de la Foire in 1759. Its success encouraged him to follow it with two more works upon the same stage in 1750, *Le Maître en droit* and *le Cadi dupé*. The comic force shewn in the latter called from the poet Sedaine the expression, "there is the man for me!" The two authors joined their forces and wrote together a large number of dramas and comic operas, one of which was *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, (Sept. 17, 1716).

Monsigny's success was so great as to excite the jealousy of the Italian comedy, which succeeded in causing the Theatre de la Foire to be closed.

The next year, 1762, the two theatres were united and Monsigny wrote successively, during the following years, *le Roi et le Fermier*, *Rose et Colas*, *Aline reine de Golconde*, *l'Île sonnante*, *le Déserteur*, his masterpiece (March 6, 1769), *le Faucon*, *le Bal de Arène*, *le Rendez-vous bien Employé*, and *Felix ou l'Enfant trouvé*, (3 acts,

1777). This was his last work. His rare sensibility was exhausted; this had been his good genius, for it inspired him with a constant supply of melodies so touching as to render his works immortal. In 1798, the directors of the Opera Comique gave him a pension of 2,400 francs. In 1800 he took the place of Piccini as inspector of Instruction at the Conservatory. He succeeded Gretry as member of the Institute in 1813 received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1816 and died at Paris, Jan. 14, 1817 at the great age of eighty-eight years.

Gretry was as remarkable for his feeling of scenic effect as Monsigny for the exquisite sentiment of his melody. He was born at Liege, Feb. 11, 1741, the son of a poor musician and began life as a singing boy at the collegiate church of St. Denis. Leclerc, Renekin and Moreau were his teachers; but the influence of the Operas of Pergolese, Buranello, &c., upon the future master, decided his vocation for the theatre; at the age of eighteen he went to Rome, where he studied counterpoint under Casali and at length produced at the theatre Alberti an Italian interlude, entitled, *la Vendémiaire*.

The score of Monsigny's *Rose et Colas* gave Gretry an insight into the characters of the French comic opera. He then came to Paris, stopping at Geneva on the way where he produced his *Isabelle et Gertrude*. At length after conquering a thousand difficulties he brought out *Le Huron*, a comedy in one act by Marmontel, Aug. 20, 1758). To this succeeded *Lucie*, then *le Tableau parlant*, a masterpiece of drollery, *Zemire et Azor*, *la Rosière de Salency*, *l'Amant jaloux*, *l'Épreuve villageoise* and *Richard Cœur de Lion* (1785) which sealed the fame of its author. At the Grand Opera *La Caravane*, *Panurge* and *Anacreon* obtained a merited success. His last works showed plainly the decay of his peculiar genius.

A true vein of melody and expression suited to his text are the distinguishing qualities of Gretry's music. His instrumentation is feeble and has often been retouched in our time. But such touchings are always a very delicate matter and it is at least a very rare thing to succeed; hence we much prefer the naive defects of the author to the deafening noise introduced by modern writers. In 1789 and 1797 Gretry published two very interesting volumes of *Essai sur la Musique*, which we recommend to the attention of all composers. He was appointed inspector at the Conservatory in 1795, and was elected to one of the three chairs of the musical Section of the Institute then formed. Gretry died at Montmorency Sept. 24, 1813, crowned with glory and honor.

"The Music of the Future."

RICHARD WAGNER.

PARIS, MARCH 29.

1. Quatre Poèmes d'opéra traduits en prose française précédés d'une lettre sur la musique par Richard Wagner—(*Le Vaisseau Fantôme*—*Tannhäuser*—*Lohengrin*—*Tristan et Isolde*)—Paris. A. Bourdillat et Cie 1861. 1 vol. grand in 18 pp. LXXXIII—317.

2. "Zukunftsmusik"—Brief an einen französischen Freund als Vorwort zu einer Prosa-Üebersetzung seiner Operndichtungen von Richard Wagner. Leipzig. Verlagsbuchhandlung von J. J. Weber, 1861. 1 vol. 8° pp. 58.

Richard Wagner has proved himself a writer of talent no less than a musical composer. His works "Art and Revolution,"—"Art of Future"—and "The Opera and the Drama" are noble expositions

of his theories of art, and vigorous defences of his own method of composition as well as bold attacks upon prevalent and hitherto universally adopted rules. Wagner presents himself as an innovator. The principles upon which former composers have worked he treats as radically false, his severity falling especially upon the Italian school, whose best productions he qualifies with the name of *table music*. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details in regard to this aesthetic discussion which has occupied so much space in the German press, we merely wish to record the appearance of Wagner's last production, one addressed more particularly to the general reader and prepared by him previous to the representation of his *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera in Paris.

It was at the request and under the auspices of the Emperor himself that the *Tannhäuser* was received. From the first announcement of the intention, now, nearly two years ago, a portion of the Paris press showed itself averse to the step about to be taken. The *Presse* baptised the foreign composer with the name of the Marat of music. An epithet goes far in France in influencing public opinion. The Marat of music! Such was the note of introduction announcing to the Paris public the creator of what other laughers beyond the Rhine had called "The music of the future," from a misinterpretation willing or otherwise of the title of his second work.

The volumes heading this notice were prepared by Wagner to answer or rather to precede the criticism with which he naturally expected his *Tannhäuser* to be met. The letter addressed to M. Frédéric Villot explains concisely the nature of the innovation he has labored to introduce in the treatment of the opera. Then follow prose versions of his operas except the *Nibelungen*, for Wagner, unlike foreign composers has always written the text to his own music. The *Phantom Ship*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan and Isolde* are all based upon popular traditions, that are worked up with dramatic interest. They are not mere *librettes* where all is sacrificed to the music, where a few lines or words are repeated to satiety, where are found platitudes which seem to justify the saying of Voltaire that "what is too foolish to be spoken must be sung." The development of the action is complete. They are poems as they are justly styled in the title page: *Poèmes d'Opéra*.

However all these preparations, all the splendors of the scenery and costumes of the Grand Opera could not save the *Tannhäuser* from being mercilessly hissed on its first representation in Paris. We do not wish to quarrel with the judgment pronounced by the public on this occasion. This is no place either to attack or defend Wagner's music, only we would remark that there was in the reception of the *Tannhäuser* every evidence of a *parti-pris* long beforehand, to meet the innovation with sneers and to greet the new music with laughter and hisses. The house was noisy, turbulent, uneasy. Third and fourth rate critics talked in groups. No attention was given except at intervals. Wagner was the Marat of music, a German innovator. The little papers of the capital, unable to touch politics had found matter of joke and caricature for three months back in this *Musique de l'avenir*. It was judged beforehand and the next Sunday there was a wonderful unanimity in the Paris *feuilletons* in regard to the ridiculous pretensions "of this dreamer who set himself up before the wildest and keenest audience in the world as an innovator"—and the unanimity was so unusual in those who spoke first, so perfect that even similar expressions, comparisons, *bons-mots* a little disguised might easily be discovered trickling through all. It was the small talk of the *foyer* retailed to the Parisian public. And thus are reputations done and undone.

The merit of the letter preceding the translation

of the Opera Poems is that it is adapted to the general reader, musical terms are avoided as much as possible. The general outline of the new system is sketched in as few words as could well have been done. These explanations have been severely criticised. Granting to the opponents that they are perfectly right, the criticism with which Wagner's words of evident conviction were met, seems none the less unfair. It does not touch upon the point at issue. It dwells on minor details. Detached passages and assertions which indeed seem paradoxical are reproduced and exposed to ridicule. To an impartial reader siding with neither party but seeking for information only, the answers of late produced do not deserve a moment of serious attention.

The letter is written in a tone of sincerity that recommends it to the attention of all. The author expresses his sentiments and views in that honest straight-forward way that wins respect of any one who seeks for more than the mere quarrels of art-schools. The very essence of the Italian opera is attacked. Its origin is detailed as also the grand outlines of music in Germany. The author demands a perfect conformity between the music and the dramatic action. They must interpret, complete each other; when words cease to express, music must go beyond, and the words must always be in exact accordance with the feelings called up by the melody. There must be no artificial pauses, no rests. The action must progress as it does in nature, which has caused the opponents to say that Wagner's music was one noisy recitative. In view of this concordance between the two arts, the musician demands the fullest co-operation on the poet. Thus may language, the instrument of abstract ideas act upon the sensibility. Music will be giving to poetry beyond the rhyme and adornings it already possesses, a new element of power. There would be a marriage of both into one work. Each would find in the other that which each alone lacks. And thus would be satisfied in the Opera, that involuntary desire in him that listens to a poem or to a symphony, for something more, something which is neither in the words, nor in the music alone but in both thus combined. The orchestra would then be with the drama in a relation somewhat analogous to the chorus of the Greeks with the tragic action. Only the relation would be much closer, the orchestra being united to the work of the poet by an intimate participation and interpreting it. Such is the theory of Richard Wagner viewed aside from all the means employed by him to attain this end. These means, the chief element of the innovation proposed by him, we are not prepared to discuss, nor does he dwell upon them in the works under notice.

It is to metaphor that he turns in conclusion to characterize the grand melody as he conceives it embracing the whole drama. And above all it is a quiet contemplation he demands on the part of his hearer. When thus listened to, "It must at first produce on the soul an impression like that caused by a beautiful forest at sunset upon him that has just escaped the noises of the town." There must be a perception of silence. When permeated with the feeling of stillness, we seem endowed with a new sense that reveals to us the harmonies of nature, we acquire new modes of perception, the ear is keener. He that is thus prepared to listen to the voices of the words in their infinite variety—"Hears some which he believes never to have heard before;—as their numbers augment so also strongly increases their intensity; they become more sonorous;—as he hears a greater number of distinct voices, he recognizes in these sounds which take a definite character, which swell in his ear and overpower him, the grand the sole melody of the forest; it was the very melody that had produced upon him from the first a religious impression. It is as if in a beautiful night the deep azure of the firmament rivetted his look; the more

he abandons himself wholly to the contemplation of this spectacle, the more the starry host appears clear, distinct, scintillating, numberless. This melody will leave in him an eternal re-echoing; but to tell it would be impossible. To hear it again he must return to the forest and return there at sunset. What would be his folly to wish to seize one of the graceful singers of the woods, to have it brought home and teach him a fragment of the grand melody of nature! What could he hear then unless perhaps—some Italian melody?"

Our Early Opera Troupes.

1. Chorus and Introduction.....By the whole Company
2. Aria, "Cujus Animam".....Signor Salvi
3. Duetto, "Quis est homo,".....Signorina Costini and Signora Vetti
4. Aria—"Pro peccatis".....Signor Cesare Badiali
5. Chorus and Recitative—"Eia Mater".....Signor Corradi Setti and Chorus.
6. Quartetto—"Sancta Mater".....Signorina Costini, Signora Vetti, Signora Lorini and C. Badiali.
7. Cavatina—"Fecit ut portem,".....Signorina Tedesco
8. Aria and Chorus—"Inflammatus,".....Signorina Steffanone and Chorus
9. Quartetto—"Quandam corpus novitatis,".....Signorine Steffanone, Tedesco, and Signori Lorini and Corradi Setti.
10. Grand Finale.....By the whole Company
1. Overture—"Semiramide" (Rossini).....By the Orchestra
2. Romanza from "Roberto il Diavolo," (Meyerbeer).....Signora Angela Bosio
3. Duetto from "Nabucco," (Verdi).....Signorina Costini and Signor C. Badiali
4. Romanza from "Giovanna d'Arco" (Verdi).....Sig. Vetti
5. Duetto from "Profezia," (Meyerbeer).....Signorine Steffanone and Tedesco
6. Romanza—"Il mio tesoro," "Don Giovanni," (Mozart),.....Signor Salvi
7. Duetto from "Huguenots," (Meyerbeer).....Signora Bosio and Signor Marini
8. Prayer from "Moses in Egypt," (Rossini).....By the whole Company

Tickets, \$1 each—for sale at the principal Hotels, Music Stores, and at the Door. Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

We reprint, above, the programme of a concert given here some years ago. We do this to recall to our readers the music and singers which Boston has enjoyed in times gone by. In spite of this, we Bostonians are called on, from time to time, to admire and pay for singers who would scarce be paralleled with those quoted above; and we are thought to be fault-finding, particular, cold, dull, for not going into raptures over them. Look at the many enumerated above in one single concert. Can it be expected that those who have sat delighted to listen to these, are to go into a fever of delight at every soprano, tenor, baritone or bass that chances to come along? And when the public stays away from some entertainments which are not sufficiently attractive, is it necessarily non-musical? Or, if it fails to applaud a second rate performance, is it any reason for the artists to turn up their noses at it altogether? It is well, now and then, to go back and look over our musical antecedents. The fact is, we have heard a great deal of good music here.—*Boston Musical Times.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 20, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XII.

LIEBIG AND HIS CONCERTS, (CONCLUDED).

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1861.

So then—forty-two different Symphonies, fifty-nine Overtures, besides other famous things, in a portion only of the concerts of three months! But it is not only in the quantity of good music which they present, that LIEBIG's programmes are so remarkable. Not only in this cumulative aspect do they challenge attention, but also by the individual and peculiar method of their making up. Liebig has his fancies as a programme maker. He shows his character in it. In the

complexion of each programme you detect a certain educational design, partly in allusion to the present moment and its chance opportunities, partly in pursuance of a serial plan or course. There is certainly an idea running through each programme. Thus, much of the time we find him giving the Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart in course, one after another, almost in the order of their numbers; contrasting them continually with Beethoven, as with the highest standard, the consummate flower of the symphonic art; while at the same time, on the other hand, he also contrasts with him the greatest efforts of his followers, Mendelssohn and Schumann, and frequent specimens of what may be called the period of decadence, the Symphonies of various now living or quite new composers. He is catholic as to men and styles, and tries to represent all, and do justice to all claims of any dignity; and this chiefly that his audience may compare and learn, may have a reason for their opinions about great and little, new and old composers. He is also very hospitable to the efforts of newly risen aspirants. He gives one, sometimes two or three hearings to the Symphony or Overture of some young composer, until it may be fairly said to have had its chance with a public which he is doing his best to make appreciative. For example, one week he brought out three concert overtures by an English lady, Miss Maria Moody, who had come over with the scores to Berlin; they were short flights, showed fair musicianship in respect to form, instrumentation, &c. (the fruit of German studies), passed off with a *succes d'estime*, and were forgotten. Another time he bored his hearers terribly with a new Symphony, by one Fischer, a very weak dilution of Mendelssohn, and an intolerable deal of it; as also with a young Overture that tried to rage like Beethoven, without even matter, not to say method in its madness; but we were at once refreshed and compensated by a touch of the true thing in the fiery *Coriolan* of Beethoven, and a delicious, genial Symphony of Mozart. The lesson learned was worth the patience.

Of course, too, in these programmes he pays his compliments to the musical magnates here, (for our Liebig is a courteous gentleman, and he, also, has a "Hof" prefixed to his title):—to Taubert especially,—to Vierling,—to Meyerbeer, not too much (be it said to his praise), not so much as to his wronged and greater predecessor, Spontini, whom he (Meyerbeer) supplanted, to the regret and shame now of most musical Berliners. Often the programmes have a reference to other performances, and answer a subsidiary purpose as preparations for, or as reviews upon, what is to be heard elsewhere. If Goethe's "Faust" is produced (as it has been lately in incomparable style) upon the royal stage, Liebig takes care to give us several different Faust overtures, including that by Lindpaintner, used in the theatre, and also at another time, soon after, an orchestral review of the Prince Radzywill's Faust choruses and melodramatic fragments. If the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is announced at the Schauspielhaus, with Mendelssohn's music, Liebig takes the opportunity to bring the Overture, the Scherzo, &c., into his concerts. If "Egmont" is the play, he treats us with the entire Egmont music of Beethoven,—enough to rob us of all disposition to quarrel with our coffee. When Taubert, with the Royal Orchestra brings

out Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for the exclusives, that is a signal for the people's kapellmeister to do the same thing for them; while to those who can attend both, it serves for a rehearsal and for deeper acquaintance with the work. Taubert revives a forgotten, interesting antiquity, a pre-Haydnite Symphony, by Emanuel Bach; and Liebig instantly proceeds to play the same repeatedly, until the sound thereof becomes familiar. Again, he does not neglect anniversaries; his programme sometimes reminds us of the birth or death of some great master. Thus on the 27th of January we found a laureled bust in front of the stage, and the selections were entirely from Mozart: Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Fantasia and Sonata; Overture, Finale to first act, Finale to second act, of *Don Juan*; Symphony in C, with the Fugue ("Jupiter"). Even if we suppose that in many instances the programme is made up at random; if we look not beyond whim, accident, or the convenience of the moment for the whole secret of his method, still the chances are of finding something interesting, something to one's purpose in the concerts, take them as they come. In most cases, however, he is plainly governed by some principle of selection and association. Let me recall a few examples.

Here is one of the oddest — the "Faust" programme already mentioned:

Overture to "Faust" *Schulz*.
Sinfonie in F major *Dorn*.

Overture to "Faust" *Spohr*.
Aria from "Stabat mater" *Rossini*.
Overture to "Faust" *Lindpaintner*.

Sinfonie in E flat (No. 3) *Mozart*.

Faust number One, by a young composer, was a clear, respectable performance, not extravagant or overstrained, and not particularly deep. Spohr's shows his usual mastery, and the freshness of his happiest creative period; not so sickly sweet and cloying as much of his music is; but certainly no musical peer for Goethe's poem. Lindpaintner's is the most elaborate and most imposing, with full strength of modern orchestra, all *agitato* and would-be exciting, as if full of the delicious tumult of the senses and of all wild dreams and insatiable passions; but still no work of genius. This was the one used in the performance of the drama. Dorn's Symphony seemed also full of *Hexen-bräuerei*, "a true witch element;" and you could not help suspecting that Liebig had introduced it from a fancied analogy with that side of "Faust." I know not whether the Dorn here named is the kapellmeister here, Taubert's colleague, and author of the *Niebelungen* opera, or a young composer in Vienna. Certainly this symphony is one of the most wilfully wild, eccentric extravaganzas that ever reached my sense of tune and rhythm; full of flings of audacious fancy, sometimes for a moment interesting and even beautiful, but just as disappointing and unwholesome as the sweet visions summoned by the witch charms, and as instantly vanishing. He seemed to be catching ideas, or rather conceits, by their tails as they ran away (why not let them go?) and dragging them mercilessly back into his wicked conjuring circle. Sometimes it seemed to me as if the composer had caught the first hint of his Symphony from one of those old Dutch paintings of St. Anthony's temptation. There were many hisses mingled with the applause that followed, and just then — so fatally well-timed, that Mephisto him-

self must have been invisibly present — a tremendous crash of broken crockery among the coffee tables! Why Rossini's *Cujus Animam* was put in such company, I was puzzled to conceive. It casts a broad gleam as it goes by. Decidedly the most genial thing of the evening until we Mozart. Had it been placed immediately before that, and after all the "Faust" business, one could have taken it for the "flaming sword," the wall of separation between all this *diablerie* and the Paradise that followed. For it was like Paradise to get back to Mozart. Such a warm, genial, spontaneous Symphony! Such beautiful, innocent, pure music! the inspiration, as it were, of the child soul, the new created, that walks face to face with the Creator. It was good in Liebig to land us there; it was like returning from long nightmare cruises along Colchian shores, amid Medea sorceries and dragons, and finding oneself safe again beneath sweet Ionian skies, where Beauty has her temples in the isles of Greece. I forgot to mention that we did get a bit of relief after the Dorn Symphony, by the introduction of some of those delightful variations out of Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia." Those are *real* fancies, and not struggles after fancy. Liebig often gives them for an encore piece.

Here is the programme for Dec. 18th, in the week of the birthdays of Beethoven and of Weber:

Overture to "Euryanthe" } *C. M. von Weber*.
Sinfonie in C major, }

Overture to "Fidelio" } *Beethoven*.
Romanza in F, (violin) }
(Choral Fantasia) }
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2), }

Sinfonie in C minor *Beethoven*.

Here is another, of the week during which I heard *Fidelio*, greatest of operas, with the single exception of *Don Juan*, at the Royal Opera House. It is doubly interesting: first, as affording such a study of Beethoven's working processes, of the manner in which he recast his idea, until it satisfied himself; and, secondly, unfamiliar (now) examples of the elegant and even style of Symphony, as first set by Haydn, and followed, at an humble distance, by composers who neither could, nor cared to, go beyond his depth:

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 1) *Beethoven*.
Symphony in E flat *A. Romberg*.

Overture to "Leonore" (No. 2) *Beethoven*.
Andante from Symphony *Alt Vogler*.
Overture to "Leonore" (No. 3) *Beethoven*.

Symphony No. 13 (C major) *Haydn*.

And now look at this one, curiously compounded:

Concert Overture *Maria Moody*.
Marcia alla Turca *Beethoven*.
Symphony in C minor *Mendelssohn*.

"Die Dorfmusikanten," Comic Sextet. *Mozart*.

Overture to "Egmont" *Beethoven*.
Symphony No. 10 (C major) *Mozart*.

The Moody overture was, as I have hinted, a pretty fair success of woman in male costume; she enacts Symphony about as well as Signorina So and So does Romeo. It consisted of passages passably put together. On the whole not edifying. How all the faces brightened at the magical sounds of Beethoven's Turkish March (out of the "Ruins of Athens" music, the whole of which

was played a few evenings before in one of Radcke's concerts)! The whole work is worthy of Beethoven's good hours; and this march seems to realize the rhythmic pulse of Oriental life by quite as true an imaginative instinct (to say the least) as that by which Mendelssohn is supposed to have caught the fairy vein of Shakespeare. This dimple of sunshine would enliven some of our murky March and April "Afternoon Rehearsal" concerts in the Boston Music Hall. Mendelssohn's early Symphony does not count among his great ones. Its somewhat slender material is worked out to tedious length, but of course in a right musicianlike manner and with elegance and sweetness. Interesting for once to the musical inquirer. It was once given, I think, in Boston, by the "Germanians." The Sextet (for quartet of strings and two horns), is one of those exquisite drolleries with which Mozart's ever buoyant, childlike nature overflowed in social hours, in moments of rest and reaction from severe work. It is a burlesque on the ambitious attempt of a club of village musicians to do the classical thing, i. e., perform a piece in several movements in Sonata form (original, of course). It is somewhat such a thing in music, as Peter Quince's tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, and quite as laughable and enjoyable. Such solemn, formal emptiness! All the forms are in a ludicrous manner kept up, as long and pompous as court ceremonies; but without the shadow of an idea to put into them. The emptiest periods and phrases are repeated, imitated, answered with the utmost gravity; with awful pauses after nothing said — but said emphatically. And such comical blunders! horns in fifths, &c. Attempts to trill in instruments least fitted for it and getting the alternate note a semitone out of the way! In the last movement the double bass leads off with a startling fugue theme (in the lowest depths), and there stops short while another instrument takes it, and so round — and that is a fugue! The best musician could enjoy such fun! The Symphony in C was not the well-known "Jupiter"; if not so great as that, it added to one's stock of Mozart, who left nothing not worth having — although we found the adagio of this a little prolix.

Here is a programme rich in new and old:

Overture to "Titus" *Mozart*.
Symphony No. 3 (E flat) *Schumann*.

Overture to "Prometheus" *Beethoven*.
Scherzo from 9th Symphony *Beethoven*.
Overture to "Iphigenia," with R. Wagner's conclusion *Gluck*.

Symphony No. 16 (E flat) *Haydn*.
(Overture to "Coriolan") *Beethoven*.

Here is another:

Overture to "La Gazza Ladra" *Rossini*.
"Frühlingslied" *Mendelssohn*.
Overture to "Ein Mährchen" *R. Wuerst*.

Grand Septet *Beethoven*.

Symphony (No. 12) G major *Mozart*.
Overture to "Freischütz" *Wagner*.

I cite this programme chiefly for the sake of mentioning what a peculiar and enhanced effect the well-known Beethoven Septuor derived from the manner in which it was treated. The first and second violin, and the viola parts were played each by four instruments; and there were four cellos strengthened by two double basses. Of course the clarinet, fagotto and horn were single. This lent a certain largeness and positiveness to these [for Beethoven] somewhat common-

MARTHA.

41

ff *

Allegro non troppo.
p *dolce.*

f *p*

cresc.

cresc. *f*

ff *p* *cres.* *f*

p dolce.

ritard.

a Tempo. *p* *cresc.* *ff*

Più animato. *p*

MARTHA.

43

The musical score for "MARTHA" on page 43 is written for piano and organ. It consists of eight systems of music. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The fourth system has a treble and bass staff. The fifth system has a treble and bass staff. The sixth system has a treble and bass staff. The seventh system has a treble and bass staff. The eighth system has a treble and bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The word "CRESC." is written in the sixth system, indicating a crescendo. The score is arranged in a traditional format with a treble and bass staff for each system.

44

MARTHA.

The musical score for 'MARTHA' is written for piano in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of seven systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music starts with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a *riten.* (ritardando) marking. The fourth system is marked *Tempo lo.* (tempo lento) and *dolce.* (dolce). The fifth system continues the piece. The sixth system includes markings for *f* (forte), *ritenu.* (ritardando), *a tempo.* (a tempo), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The seventh system concludes the piece with markings for *f*, *p*, *f*, and *p*.

place movements, as they have sometimes seemed, which rendered them again fresh and vigorous. It was like the interest sometimes restored to too familiar objects by a magnifying glass. Wuerst is one of the most gifted of the young composers who reside in Berlin. His overture, which might be called "a fairy legend," impresses me, after repeated hearings, as one of the happiest things in that vein since Mendelssohn. I shall perhaps some time speak of a very successful Quartet by him. The *Frühlingslied* of Mendelssohn, here named, is the well-known Song without Words. It cannot possibly sound so well for orchestra, as in its original piano form; and Liebig takes it altogether two slow. Still it is one of his popular make-weights, which he throws in very often.

And how does Liebig's Orchestra play? Not so well as the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig; but I may safely say, upon the average quite as well, and often better than our Symphony orchestra in Boston. Bear in mind that it is about fifty instruments strong; that they are kept in continual play together the whole year round; and that they are found good enough to do all the accompanying here in oratorio, in concerts of the Bach-verein, of the Sing-Akademie, of Radecke's series, &c. Naturally they fall more or less into a certain hacknied routine way. They play too often, to take enthusiasm always at the flood tide. But they also have their lucky moments; and I have once heard the C minor Symphony played better by them, than I ever heard it, except in the Gewandhaus. The instruments all have good sounds, especially the oboe and bassoon; and the general sound of the orchestra is rich and fine.

It is not to be denied that there are some drawbacks to the pleasure and convenience of these tone-feasts of the bountiful Liebig. In three, at least, of his four *locales*, you have to go very early to secure a seat. You had better take a book with you, if you have got eyes. An individual comes an hour beforehand—a solitary woman of a family, or of a knot of cronies—and turns down all the chairs around the table where she sits, perhaps several tables; and this sign of first discovery and possession is scrupulously respected by all after-comers; attempt to seat yourself in one after another of fifty places which appear vacant, and you are politely informed that it is *besetzt*—kept by the one who has come in reserve for the friend who will come, or some chance friend who may come. There is more or less of jar and disturbance, too, from the rattle of coffee cups, and beer *seidels*, and small change; since, of course, the *kellners* must do all the business they can for the proprietor and keeper of the house. Yet it is wonderful how quietly all this goes on; it only needs the pervading instinct of musical good manners; and that comes with such love of music as you see here. You have only to "hush," and the offenders are as still as mice.

The worst annoyance, probably, at least to many, is the bad cigar smoke. Fond as you are of Symphonies, you may not be partial to smoked symphonies. Especially should it chance to be the Ninth Symphony, as it was once my experience, when the crowd drove me into the gallery, where the smokers fancy themselves sheltered, above notice and above decency. Abstinence from "the weed," however, is commonly requested on the programmes, and with considerable, sometimes complete, effect; it is like the caprices of

the weather; there are smoky and there are clear days; you cannot forestall them. But it is not possible wholly to suppress the nuisance in a free and easy German audience,—especially where it is made up in large part of students, saucy and proud of their duelling scars; for German students, it is well known, as a general rule, are anything but models of refinement.

Can we have Liebig concerts in our American cities? Can we change our whole way of life? D.

NOTE.—Our readers are desired to make the following corrections in the new series of Editorial Correspondence.

In the Christmas Letter (No. III.). Haupt is called the pupil of Mendelssohn. I wrote "pupil, with Mendelssohn, of Zelter." Again, middle of next column, for "velvet" read *helmet*.

In Letter No. IV., within the first dozen lines, for "passive opportunity" read *passing*; strike out "long" before "excursions"; for "choice" read "chosen temples."

For "talk a walk" (!) read *take*.

For "talented (!) husband's genius," read *lamented*.

In Letter No. V. (Journal of Feb. 9), 3d column, 4th line, for "musical inquiries," read *inquiries*. Middle of 4th column, "the men on the other, less if the royal box," &c.; put a full stop after "other," and commence new sentence, "Up to the royal box," &c. Top of next column, "the initiation, through the trial and sacrifice of two young souls," &c. read, "the initiation, through trial and sacrifice, of two young souls," 43d line, "so admirable in a male chorus," strike out "in." Six lines from end of letter, for "purity and style," read "of style." "Sing, sing," too, is a case where the half is better than the whole.

Letter VI. Third column, for "Lath," read *Leth*. 4th column, for "the best movement," read *last*. For "these variations," those. For "Nusubius, Mester Raro," *Eusebius, Meister Raro*. Bottom of the same column, for "representations," read *representatives*; and (horrible dictu), "our hero of the cictim" should be "of the violin." 11th line, last column, "led in triumph," should be "led in triumph."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9.—All the concerts which have not taken place during the winter, are being crowded together into these last five or six weeks of the season. Every week brings two or three, and those for the most part good ones. But unfortunately the greatest musical attractions bring nothing but small audiences, and one can only wonder that so many artists have the courage to get up any thing of the kind. On Thursday Satter gave a *matinée* in aid of the German Hospital Fund which is being raised. The audience was entirely different from that generally present at these concerts, and consisted almost exclusively of German ladies. Mr. Satter produced some new gems from the inexhaustible store of his *répertoire*, in the shape of a *Marche Triomphale* for two pianos, by himself, Liszt's stupendous arrangement of the Fifth Symphony, and the Overture of *Oberon*. In the last two pieces, he exhibited even more marvellous powers of execution than usual. The *Marche Triomphale*, in which Mr. Pattison took the second piano, is exceedingly spirited. Improvisation concluded the concert, in which airs from *Martha*, *Freyschütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Tannhäuser*, &c., seven in all, were brought up successively and interwoven with each other in a very skilful manner. Mr. Satter was assisted by Miss Rowcroft, a singer of considerable ability, but not very agreeable voice, and Mr. Appy the violinist, who played a *fantaisie* on *Massaniello*. He has much energy and vigor of stroke but very little softness and sweetness. The latter deficiency may however have been owing partly to his instrument, which was very harsh.

On Saturday night a concert was given by Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt, the young violinist who made so successful *début* at a Philharmonic concert a year or two ago. He has but once since appeared in public, at a *soirée* of Mme. Abel's last season. He is too excellent a player to have lain *perdu* so long, and more than one music-lover heartily welcomed

this occasion of hearing him once more. The programme was a very fine one, but had several faults aside from the character of the music. In the first place it was too long, then it contained too many solos, and finally Beethoven's second Symphony, which was beautifully played by a small orchestra, was put at the very end, when the listeners were wearied, and their powers of enjoyment and attention weakened by all that had come before. The orchestra played besides, the Overture to *Oberon*, and Sig. Centemeri sang arias from *Attila* and *Le Pardon de Plöermel*; his fine baritone showing to best advantage. Mr. Wollenhaupt played four times, and proved himself equally excellent in various styles of composition. His first piece was the Violin-Concerto of *Vieuxtemps*, to which he did full justice. Then he gave us an arrangement of Hungarian airs, by Ernst, and subsequently a *Fantaisie* on "Les Hirondelles," by David, composed by himself. This is a work of much merit, and very pleasing and interesting. He was encored, and played a short *fantaisie* on *Home, Sweet Home*. Mr. Wollenhaupt combines all the requisites of a first-rate player. He has force and vigor, but at the same time great delicacy and purity of power, he has also great mechanical skill, but more than all these a degree of fire and feeling in his playing, that proves how his whole soul is wrapped up in his art. May he soon give us an opportunity of strengthening this impression.

A concert was given last evening at Irving Hall, (fast becoming a favorite locality for such entertainments) for the benefit of the same German Hospital Fund for which Satter gave his last *matinée*. It was arranged chiefly by the Ladies Union which has been organized for this object, and was hardly made known among the American public, being advertised only in the German papers. This was not the wisest course. The programme was so good that many who might not have been induced to attend by the specially German object would have been attracted by it, and the room might have been much fuller. You will see that the programme, in regard to quality, was almost unexceptionable, but it had again the too frequent fault of extreme length, so that but few listeners must have been at the end.

- PART I.
1. Overture "Julius Caesar".....B. Schumann.
2. Harfner's Lied von Goethe.....Zimmermann.
Teutonia.
3. Sonate op. 47, f. Piano und Violine (2 und 3 movements).....Beethoven.
Mason & Thomas.
4. March and chorus from "Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner.
Liederkrans.
PART II.
5. Sinfonia Eroica.....Beethoven.
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Marcia funebre. 3. Scherzo.
4. Finale.
PART III.
6. Overture "Fingal's Hoelie".....Mendelssohn.
7. Concert in E Moll, one movement.....Chopin.
G. Mills.
8. Gesang der Geister über den Wassern.....Reubert.
Arion.
9. Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer.

The performances were very satisfactory throughout, and showed in their spirit that they were given for a national object. It was quite interesting to compare the three vocal societies, the three best in the city. The Teutonia made its first public appearance if I am not mistaken, and did great credit not only to themselves but chiefly to their leader, Mr. Mosenthal, who has only had them in training during the past winter. The members are rough, unpolished mechanics, but they have fine fresh voices, know how to manage them, and sing with accuracy and precision, as well as with much nicety of shading and a great deal of expression. —t—

GETTYSBURG, PA., APRIL 8, 1861.—Mr. Editor. Of course you are interested whenever people are stirred about the "art divine." For this reason your Journal must have an account of a musical occasion unusual in this part of the world. Concerts do not often occur here. The town is small, and out of the way, and traveling companies do not think of going

so far round the corner. But there is in the place a large circle of sincere admirers of sweet sounds, and the presence of a college and theological seminary tends to elevate taste and refinement. A traveling company did not come, but a concert was started by an amateur orchestra, "The Quaver Club," composed of students and other young men. Where professional orchestras are wanting, amateur societies can be very useful in beginning the work of musical cultivation. To the orchestra was added a good strong chorus, formed by selections from different choirs. Thus equipped, "Mozart's Gloria," an Anthem by Zundel, and "Sail, Sail," from Lurline were put under rehearsal. These with solos and orchestral pieces made out a miscellaneous programme. The performance took place April 4th. Of course it was not a rendering from professional hands, nevertheless it was very creditable.

One benefit is certain to follow,—an increased interest in musical study among the college students here,—a study refining and elevating, and at the same time as effective mental discipline as any Latin, Greek or Mathematics.

But I must not forget the principal feature,—the part of the performance which was professional. Mrs. Mozart from New York was present. There is no need of telling; you know of her abilities. The auditors hardly knew what to do with themselves after her clear tones and charming execution. First came a silence from pure wonder, then unbounded enthusiasm. The lady sang very prettily Comer's "Song of the Lark," and very skillfully the Cavatina from "Beatrice." The "Last Rose of Summer" was on the programme; "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" were given on *encores*. Mrs. M. is successful in *oratorio*; last Christmas your correspondent heard her perform admirably the soprano of the Messiah at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; but she is particularly successful in simple ballads, perhaps as much so as any who attempt them. Her natural grace and temperament give the assistance by means of which these melodies become so touching. The people were delighted too to find her more than an artist, a finished lady. Her amiability won the affections of all.

The whole performance pleased so much that a repetition was called for. A new programme was made out, and a second concert given the following night.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1861.—We have had one week of opera by the associated artists, alternating between this city and Brooklyn. Un Ballo, Sonnambula, La Juive, Linda and Moses in Egypt have been given, with fair success. The last opera was performed as an oratorio on Saturday night and horribly mutilated. Such a poor performance has not been heard here recently. Stigelli was the only singer who appeared to advantage. Miss Hinckley did not sing the part of *Anaïde* near as well as Adeline Pattl. The company have now gone to Philadelphia.

There are any number of concerts announced for this week, but the political excitement, rendering people indisposed for quiet enjoyment will seriously interfere with their pecuniary success. The Mendelssohn Union has given a fair performance of Wallace's "Lurline" to invited guests and will next perform it at a public concert. They will then rehearse "Moses in Egypt."

There have been this month more changes in church choirs than were ever known before at any one time. An amusing circumstance which has been gossiped about considerably is the recent squabble between C. Jerome Hopkins and the pastor of the Church of the Incarnation. The quarrel hinged on the question as to who should select the tunes. Hopkins as the organist maintained his right to do so but the rector thought his rights paramount, and ludi-

crous blunders in the selections not unfrequently occurred. War ensued and Hopkins relieved himself by a documentary protest as long as the moral law but vastly more original and amusing.

Father Heinrich is in this city in a state of poverty but not without friends. A brief sketch of his career I have gathered from his own lips. He was born in Schenklinden, in Bohemia, (Austria), on the 11th of March, 1781. He was educated for a mercantile life, and became the principal in a very extensive banking house, the branches of which were established in Prague, Vienna, Trieste and Naples. From early youth, Mr. Heinrich was of an adventurous spirit, which immense wealth enabled him to gratify at will.

His very extended commercial business, frequently made it necessary for him to travel, and on one occasion he visited the island of Malta, where the passion for music seemed first to have taken decided possession of his soul; there he obtained a *Cremora* violin, to which he became ardently attached; this instrument lasted through all his wanderings and strange vicissitudes, until its accidental destruction by the carelessness of a musician of the Drury Lane Orchestra.

For long, long years this violin and *maestro* were inseparable friends, being together day and night, in the western wilds of America, and in the crowded cities of both Hemispheres. Father Heinrich has crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic many times; his biographer tells us, that he sailed from Lisbon for this country, in 1805, and that it was when he was Director of music, at the Southwark theatre of Philadelphia, he received the sad news of the failure of his Banking house and its branches. He soon left Philadelphia for Pittsburg, crossing the Alleghenies on foot, and finally settled in a log cabin in Bardstown, Kentucky, where he began writing music; he was about this period about thirty years old, and he attributes some of his best compositions, to his study of Nature in those then solitary wilds. The log-hut is still most carefully preserved, and is pointed out to all visitors, with great interest, by the family of the late Postmaster General, in whose garden it now stands.

Having satisfactorily overcome the shock of his loss and his necessary change of position in the financial world, Mr. Heinrich proceeded to London, where he remained five or six years, officiating among the leading violinists of the orchestras of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and publishing many of his compositions, which made him widely known in that metropolis.

Subsequently he returned to America, dividing his time between this city, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, in the prosecution of his profession, sometimes leading, at others performing in the Orchestras.

Father Heinrich has composed over one hundred works, comprising Oratorios, Symphonies, Overtures, concerted pieces and songs, many of which are distinguished for great originality, varied expression, patriotic sentiment, as well as for the curiously constructed stories which adorn their title pages.

There are many who remember his mammoth concerts given here in years gone by, which drew together the musical profession, from the principal cities of the Union, and enlisted public interest.

In 1857, Mr. Heinrich made his last trip to Europe, he then had the happiness to hear some of his best works, performed by the societies of Prague and Vienna. In 1860 he returned to his adopted country (the United States), and till the present time has quietly lived in this city, where this octogenarian and probably the oldest musician living, is now fast fading away. His life has been one of the most varied conditions, begun in opulence, with hosts of friends to cheer him and partake of his rare hospitality, full of youth, vigor and hope, now the picture has changed, and he truly needs the sympathy and respect of the world.

TROYATON.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A New Instrument.

IMPORTANT TO ORGANISTS AND COMPOSERS.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Lake George, N. Y., }
APRIL 8, 1861. }

Mr. Editor:—Some time ago, I was in quest of a *Pedal-Pianoforte* suitable for organ practice; and was advised to import one. The instrument was delivered to me last autumn, in perfect order, having been cleverly packed in an air-tight box, inlaid with zinc. It is in the cabinet or boudoir form, has seven octaves in the manual, and over two octaves of pedals. To each key of the fingerboard, there are three strings; excepting in the extreme base octave, which has two. To the pedals, there are three, two and one strings respectively according to a judicious distribution of tone. The pedal strings, which are in rear, extend lengthwise with the piano, and of course are tuned in unison with those of the manual. The entire action is perfect, the pedals responding at once to the touch; and when the lids are raised before and behind, the tones are nearly as powerful and as clear, as are those of the largest grand action pianoforte. For chamber music, it is sufficiently loud with the lids closed. The pedals may be easily detached, but in order to play them, the piano has a regular organ-bench, that spans them, and that extends as far as the key-board. This is so constructed that it may be taken to pieces, and packed alongside of the piano if necessary for transportation. The case has a rose-wood veneering, and prevents the appearance of an ordinary Boudoir Piano, except that it is a little deeper. It is of great beauty, and would be an ornament to any *salon*; actually occupying less space than a common piano, being easier tuned, from the position of the sound boards, as well as more readily removed upon occasion. It is in fact two in one, a foot and a hand piano; the two separate actions being placed in the closest possible juxtaposition. With this, an organist can execute a fugue of Bach or Handel with the same facility, as upon a first-class organ, and thoroughly prepare himself for the choir, or the concert-room.

Yours truly,

H.

P. S. The following are the proximate dimensions:

	Feet.	Inches.
Height.....	5	
Depth, (exclusive of key-board).....	1	8½
Width.....	4	4½

Pedals 2 octaves, key-board, 7 octaves. Price in Berlin, 375 Prussian *Thalers*, (reckon about 75 cents to a *Thaler*).

These instruments called "PIANINO-PEDALS" are manufactured by Julius Hellmünd 40 Potsdamer Strausse Berlin, at the above price and will be sent to any desired address in the United States.

(Pianos with pedals are now made in Boston, one was exhibited at the late Mechanic's Fair.)

NEW YORK, APRIL 16th.—Mr. Satter's Sixth and last *matinée*, which took place last Friday, was very poorly attended. The programme was not quite as interesting as usual, as, for the first time in any of these *matinées* three out of the six pieces played were not new. These were the overture to *Tannhäuser*, Liszt's arrangement of Sextuor from Lucia, and Mr. Satter's fantasia on Don Pasquale. Besides these, Mr. Satter gave us the waltz in A flat by Chopin, and two entire novelties in the shape of a Prelude and Fugue (No. 5, in G) by Rubinstein, and Variations on a theme of Schumann, by Brahms. Both were exceedingly difficult, and most original. The first was peculiar in respect to the subjects of the fugue being much more melodious than is generally the case and which had a very fine effect. The latter was totally different from any other variations, and sometimes rather far-fetched both in rhyme and harmony. Mr. Satter played both pieces splendidly.

Next Saturday we have the Philharmonic, the last of the season, and on Thursday the third of the Arion concerts. Gottschalk announces a series of

concerts in conjunction with Carlotta Patti and minor stars are constantly appearing only to vanish again forever.

When one considers how little is made by most of these concerts, which are, indeed, more frequent by losing affairs, it is surprising that musicians can still venture upon such undertakings. However, we music lovers are all the more obliged to them.

New Publications.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February, 1861. L. Scott & Co. From Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for March, (L. Scott & Co., American Reprint) is published with the following table of contents.

The Indian Civil service, its Rise and Fall, Part 2; The Physical Geography of the Sea; Lee's History of the Church of Scotland; Iron-Clad Ships of War and British Defences; Norman Sinclair an Autobiography, Part 14; Recent Natural History Books; Wilson's German Campaign of 1813; The China War of 1860.

Price \$3, a year; Price for four Reviews, \$8 a year; "Blackwood" and the four Reviews, \$10.

CASSILL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 27 and 28.

CASSILL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Part 24.

These excellent popular works continue to appear with their customary punctuality. The present numbers have copious indexes and tables of contents that greatly increase the value of the works. The illustrations are abundant and up to their usual standard of excellence.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE MUSIC TO MACBETH.—It is about time there should be new music written to Shakespear's "Macbeth." The music now allied with it and which has become hallowed by long use, was no doubt considered proper and attractive by the good people who first heard it, a long time ago, but to our modern ears it utterly fails to convey the idea of anything that has any connection with what happens on the stage. This operatic part of the performance of "Macbeth," in which girls of the chorus are made to sing dry solos to a fugued accompaniment, of a generally inefficient orchestra, inwardly trembling all the time lest they or the orchestra should lose the thin thread of melody, until the chorus chimes in with a strain which would be just as appropriate at any old English merry-making, and winds up with an echo behind the scenes, to catch the applause of the galleries, is to musical persons very annoying, to say the least. A song is a very good thing in the right place, but a sad bore in an improper one. Good actors may be, and are very often, poor singers. If we are to have music, let it be melo-dramatic. Why does not somebody try to reform this evil?

B.

THE BOSTON MOZART CLUB, (Amateur), gave its third social Orchestral Entertainment to the Associate and Honorary Members, on Monday evening, last at Mercantile Hall. The following was the Programme.

PART I.

First Symphony in F Minor.....Kalliwoda
Adagio; Allegro—Andante—Minuetto and Trio—Finale, Allegro con brio.

PART II.

1. Overture, "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
2. Concert Waltz, "Windsor Klänge".....Strauss
3. Andante and Minuet.....Beethoven
From First Symphony in C. major.
4. "Song" For Horn and Cornet obligato; arranged by.....Suck
5. Lily Polka.....By a member of the Club
6. Overture, "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart

The ORCHESTRAL UNION gave its eighth afternoon concert on Wednesday, April 17, at the Music Hall, which was well filled in spite of the stirring scenes going on in the streets. The following was their programme:

1. Overture, "Martha".....Flotow
2. Symphony, No. 6, "Pastorale" (Op. 68).....Beethoven
3. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
4. Fantasia, (for Clarinet).....C. G. Reissiger
Performed by T. Ryan.
5. Finale, "Elne Sommernacht in Danemark".....Lumbye

DR. GUILMETTE, well known to our concert goers as an accomplished vocalist, and public singer, especially in oratorio, proposes to deliver lectures here upon the human voice. His advertisement in another column gives some particulars of his lectures, which we have no doubt will be very useful and interesting, as his experience is the double one of a professional man and of an artist.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE VARIAN, whom some of our readers heard a few weeks ago at the Music Hall, at one of the afternoon concerts, announces a concert at Chickering's, for Friday next, assisted by Mr. Simpson (tenor) and Mr. E. Hoffman, pianist.

"THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."—This it is which today echoes through the city of our usually peaceful streets; to this every heart beats and every foot keeps step, while with one voice all agree to uphold the honor of the flag that floats everywhere before our eyes. The occupations and the places devoted to Art even are freely offered to the service of the Union.

The *Evening Transcript* tells us that "the free use of the Music Hall has been offered by the Directors to the Commonwealth as a dormitory and place of rendezvous for the troops during their temporary stay in this city. The provisions made for their comfort and accommodation by the city were of so ample a nature, that the offer was courteously declined by the Governor, who remarked that he should regret, except in case of extreme urgency thus to disturb or disarrange that building."

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Our readers will notice the advertisement of the Concert of this Society this evening and of the repetition of the *Bards* on next Saturday.

TO MAKE A LIBRETTO.—The modern poet should completely abstain from reading the ancient writers, for this reason that the ancient never read the moderns. Before entering upon his task he will take an exact note of the quantity and quality of the scenes which the manager is desirous of introducing into his drama. He will compose his poem verse by verse, without giving himself any trouble as to the action, in order that it may be impossible for the spectator to comprehend the plot, and that curiosity may thus be kept alive to the end of the piece. By the way, he will not forget to close the piece with a brilliant and magnificent scene, terminating with a good chorus in honor of the sun, the moon, or manager. He will have recourse as frequently as possible to the dagger, to poison, to earthquakes, spectres, and incantations. All these expedients are admirable; they cost but little, and produce a prodigious effect on the public.

Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some favorite composer; and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific, be too long.—*Große's Musical Lacon.*

MUSIC.—CHARLES READE, in a noble defence of Music, says: "Music was the nursing mother of Poetry, the highest of all arts. The verse did not create itself; it arose in all its primitive forms out of musical division. For centuries after its birth, Poetry could not walk alone, either in the East or in the West. Those incomparable lyrics which are called the 'Psalms of David,' where description and moral teaching, piety and nature, earth and heaven, blend so sweetly, were songs, composed in happy moments of musical as well as poetic heart, by David and many other harpers; and but for music, these gems of poetry and praise had never embellished language. And it is not too much to say, that here alone, where Poetry and Music meet, is the spirit of the Old Testament as manifestly and constantly Divine as that of the New. Many forgotten harpers sang before Homer, and to their divisions we owe the majestic Hexameter. Homer, like his own Achilles, was a harper.

"The Iliad was sung or chanted, and where the same words are repeated, there was a sort of refrain with a more marked melody. But for Music, then, the greatest Poem would never have been created;

but for Music again might well have slipped off the memory of the hearers.

Poetry came West at Music's apron strings. The Arabs who brought it into Europe were songsters. The Spanish troubadours who caught it from them were songsters; so were the French trouvères, who had it from them; so the Dutch minstrels, and the Irish and Welsh bards.

"For centuries Poetry could not walk alone nor please by its own rhythm. And even that rhythm it owes to primal Music.

"This is but a small part of the debt mankind owe to this art, now outlawed by a caprice of demi-civilization. That debt is hundreds and thousands of years older than any claim Painting can put in to our gratitude. Why pick our old benefactor out from among a hundred pettier arts, to outlaw her? Her modern feats, are they so very contemptible? The brilliant operas, the mighty oratorios, the learned quintets, the profound symphonies, the pious masses and anthems, where the boy's sweet, mellow voices rise so young and pure above the pealing organ, and waft the same to Heaven; the thrilling songs that nations take to heart, and love, and sing, and feel for centuries; are all these trash?

"Music is an universal language. Unlike the writers, the composer's text can be printed or played by all the human race, pure as it came from the master's mind. God has given the lovely art this world-wide advantage over the writers, to compensate its inferiorities, a noble compensation. For thus Music mitigates the curse of Babel, a terrible curse to man."

LONDON—MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert of last night, March 19, devoted, like many others given during the present season, to the works of Beethoven, was attended most numerously, the more expensive places being occupied by company belonging to the highest classes of society. The programme included, amongst other masterpieces, Beethoven's great pianoforte sonata in A major, Op. 101, played on this occasion for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts by Miss Arabella Goddard, who, judging by her performance of this and other sonatas of Beethoven's so-called "third period" (need we remind our readers of her triumphant successes with the 106, 109, and 111?) seems to have discovered the clue which can alone direct the ex-citant through the new world of sound which the mighty *Ton-Dichter* created, and to have penetrated the interest of these golden mists, "dark from excessive light," which enshroud, like a sunny haze, the inspirations of the poet "hidden in the light of thought." For Miss Arabella Goddard, Beethoven, the most inventive and imaginative of musicians, has no secrets. She knows him by heart; and, what is more, can put her heart into her fingers, and thus render him intelligible and delightful even to the ears of a mixed audience, such as that of the Monday Popular Concerts, which (such is the gradation of the admittance fees) included nearly every class of the community. Never did the great English pianist, who so chivalrously plays superb works in public which no other pianist can, or at any rate does attempt to, except perhaps for the delectation of the "select few" who may patronise a *quasi* private chamber-concert—never did the "reine et le roi nuss" of the most fashionable instruments distinguish herself more honorably than on this occasion. The exquisitely beautiful love-song with which the sonata commences, the vigorous march movement so utterly unlike any other march composed before or since, and the sterlingly brilliant *finale*, with its charmingly capricious humor and fugal, ingeniously wrought as it is difficult to execute, were one and all played to perfection. A few more such performances cannot fail to work what many consider a kind of artistic miracle—that is, to render Beethoven's sonata in A major, Op. 101, generally popular.—*Morning Post*

MADAME ROSA CZILLAG.—This eminent artist has arrived in London, to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The Viennese papers speak of her last appearance at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in *Trovatore*, on Saturday last as a remarkable scene of public excitement and expression of regret at the departure of such a favorite. On this occasion it would appear that all "rules and regulations" were set at defiance, contrary to the laws of the Imperial Theatres, which forbid any artist "de repaire après la fin du spectacle sous quelque prétexte que ce soit, et surtout d'adresser la parole au public." (Art. XIX.) Mad. Czillag was recalled innumerable times after the opera, and in a short speech, almost inaudible from her emotion, bade farewell to an audience before whom she made her first appearance on any stage, about ten years ago, and since which her name has always been the most attractive of the artists forming the Opera Company at the Kärntnerthor Theatre.—*Mus. World.*

Mr. S. LARAR, has accepted the post as organist in the 14th Street Presbyterian Church in New York, (Rev. A. D. Smith, D.D. Pastor), from the 1st. of May next, a position he formerly held in the church.

CINCINNATI MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Officers for 1860-'61:

President—R. W. Burnet, Esq.
Vice President—William F. Colburn.
Secretary—Henry J. Appleton.
Treasurer—Dr. O. D. Norton.
Librarians—James Gates, E. L. Norton.
Musical Directors—Victor Williams, Henry J. Smith.
Trustees—John Shillito, Dr. S. L. Hamlen, S. Davis, Jr., W. H. Comstock, S. N. Pike, Edmund Dexter.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Saturday, March 16, would have been the last night of the season, but that the theatre was closed that night, peremptorily, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of a recent bereavement in the Royal Family. That all places of public amusement should be closed on certain occasions, where the feelings of the highest personage of the realm are deeply involved, we think can hardly be gainsaid; nevertheless, we think the hardship involved so great, the grievance so universal that Government should be called upon to make some compensation. On Saturday night so great was the demand for tickets at the two English Opera houses, that many could not be supplied. Here was a windfall for the managers after a season characterized by no brilliant success. But at the eleventh hour comes the authoritative firman—the theatre is shut up—the public is disappointed—the managers lose hundreds—the servants of the establishment are mulcted of a day's pay (how little some are able to afford it, need we aver)—and no one person benefitted thereby. This is the way to go in mourning indeed; but we cannot help feeling it would be more agreeable to reason and good policy to allow everybody to purchase his own crape and wear it after his own fashion. It certainly was most unfortunate, as far as the two theatres were concerned, that the royal death should have occurred the day it did. The managers, however, had nothing to do but to bear it and make no sign.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The order which prohibited the opening of the theatres in London on Saturday se'nnight, in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent, did not extend to the Palace at Norwood, for the Saturday concert took place as usual. The feature of the programme was a pianoforte concert by Mr. Henry Baumer, a King's Scholar of the Royal Academy, a selection from an oratorio of whom occasionally is performed at the Crystal Palace orchestral concerts. A composer naturally takes all possible pains with the performance of his own work but the firm, clear, and decided pianoforte playing of Mr. Baumer should not be passed over without a word of acknowledgement. The *pièce de résistance* of the concert was Schumann's fourth symphony in D minor. With many gleams of the poetic beauty which is never totally absent in Schumann, the fourth symphony is less satisfactory than the first—in B flat—which Mendelssohn is said to have highly esteemed, and the performance of which he once conducted. Mendelssohn's glorious violin concerto was played in masterly style by M. Sainton, whose unaffected expression—untainted as it is by the slightest tinge of exaggeration—makes us listen to his performance with a pleasure more completely unalloyed than that excited by many more celebrated virtuosi. M. Sainton also played his own *Rigoletto* fantasia, which is always well received, because the charming melodies are allowed to tell their tale in all their original simplicity. The fresh voice of Miss Emily Spiller, a *débütante*, gained her an encore in Schloesser's "Queen of the Sea;" and she also sang the scene, "Ah! forse è lui." Madame Sainton-Dolby showed such good taste in selecting Haydn's lovely "Spirit-song," that we were surprised at her choosing "The skipper and his boy," the absurdity of which even fine singing can never conceal. The orchestra, under Mr. Mann's direction, performed with great care, although want of sufficient rehearsal was at times perceptible. The number of visitors amounted to 2,966.

Paris.

TANNHAUSER.—"A second trial has come off, far from being more successful than the first. On the contrary, the public disapprobation was manifested with increased energy, and we do not recollect such another evening in the arena, ordinary so calm and serene, of our Grand Opera. We coveted a decisive judgment, and begged the judges to preserve a grave demeanor; but advice of this kind is easier to give than take. True that we can manage to dispense with hissing; but to avoid laughing is another affair; and, on the very first night, we involuntarily yielded more than once to the feeling which had irresistibly laid hold of the entire audience. On the second night precautions had been taken to guard against such inconvenient manifestations. The oboe solo after the 'Herdsman's song,' the redoubtable *trait de violons*, the pack of hounds, at the end of Act I., and the re-appearance of Venus in the third were one, and all suppressed. Curtailments, too, had been effected in various places, and the rose gauze curtain (so decorously shutting out a logical but undramatic contingency) sent back to the property-room. But, alas! nothing could save *Tannhäuser*. This time there was less laughter, perhaps, but a great deal more hissing; and for a plain reason—the applauders (*claque*?) being numerous, the vigor of the disapprobation was regulated by that of the approval.

We have been assured, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner continues obstinate, attributes the check he has received in Paris to a cabal organized against him by his enemies. In his double capacity of poet and composer, the author of *Tannhäuser*, is, doubtless, furnished with a double dose of pride, and should, therefore, perhaps be accorded a double amount of indulgence. This last we willingly extend—nay, we can even pity him, for we know of nothing more sad and hopeless than the fatuity, too common now-a-days, which induces authors to contemplate and admire themselves in their works, and to pronounce in a tone of sovereign authority, without the slightest deference to public opinion, that those works are good. *Et vidit quod esset bonum*.

The second performance of *Tannhäuser* merely served to bring out in still bolder relief the talent and courage of the singers, who had to answer in person for the sins of the composer. The tenor, M. Niemann, especially distinguished himself in this painful struggle, and the audience took care to make him understand his reputation was not at stake. Mads. Tedesco and Marie Sax, MM. Morelli, Cazeaux, Coulon, and the rest, equally deserved protection from the storm of disapprobation, which even the august presence of their majesties, the emperor and empress, was powerless to allay.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, March 24.

On Sunday the *Tannhäuser* was played for the third and last time. The theatre was crowded, the receipts reaching 10,000 francs. The performance was the stormiest of all. Never was there such an uproar in the Opera House. The spectators were provided with whistles, and the whistling was heard in cadences and roulades. Wagner is certainly the first composer ever hissed by the aristocratic public of the Grand Opera. The proscenium box, situated above the Emperor's was filled with hissing in straw-colored kids. The few partisans of Wagner and his music tried to defend him. In the midst of the tumult I heard the cry "Hiss, but hear." They hissed but it was impossible to hear. The storm raged not only in the theatre, but the foyer was also excited; the hubbub resembled the roar of the sea, or the clamor of the Bourse on a settling day. Nevertheless the opera, betrayed by its own interpreters, was carried on to the end.

A burlesque of the *Tannhäuser*, called "Ya Mein-herr," by MM. Delacour and Lambert-Thiboust, is about to be produced at the Varieties Theatre.

At the close of the third performance of *Tannhäuser*, Mr. Wagner wrote the following letter to the Director of the Opera:

"Sir—The opposition that is shown to the *Tannhäuser* proves to me how right you were when, at the beginning of this business, you made some remarks about the absence of the ballet and other scenic conventionalities, to which the subscribers of the Opera are accustomed. I regret that the nature of my work has prevented me from conforming to those exigencies. Now that the violence of the opposition does not even allow those who wish to hear it to give the attention necessary to appreciate it, I have no other honorable course to take than to withdraw it. I beg you to make known this decision to his excellency the Minister of State. Very respectfully,

RICHARD WAGNER.

"Paris, March 25, 1861."

—*Phil. Bulletin*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O give me back my childhood's dreams. Ballad. S. Glover. 25

A pretty song, more especially recommended to young singers.

Weep not fond heart. Song. Kücken. 25

This new song of the popular German composer is a real gem. Everybody who recalls the deeply touching strains of his "Good night, farewell" or "The Jewish maiden" will know what he has to expect. Written for a Mezzo Soprano or Baritone voice.

Come ferry me o'er. Mrs. Groom. 25

Companion to a noted song of the same authoress, "Over the sea, a Jacobite song."

Flores mariani, a collection of Catholic music, by Wiesel, complete. 1,00

Ave Maria. Trio for female voices. 50

O vos omnes. Motet for mixed voices. 25

Sub tuum praesidium. Quartet. 50

These pieces make capital offertories. Organists will find them of great practical usefulness as well as sterling compositions, which will wear well with singers and hearers.

Matin Song. Heurion. 25

A popular French song, with the original words added. A pleasing effect in imitation of bells is introduced in the accompaniment.

Instrumental Music.

Un ballo in maschera. F. Beyer. 25

A fascinating arrangement for young players, containing most of the gems, recognised as such here. It makes a good piece for instruction, also, as the melodies are easily caught up by the ear, and thus make study easy.

Dixie's Land. Arranged for a Brass Band.

D. C. Hall. 1,00

Bands who are not yet in the possession of a good arrangement of this familiar air should at once get a copy. It is conveniently printed on stiff cards and suits any number of instruments from 8 to 14.

No plus Ultra Polka Quadrille. J. S. Knight. 35

The Polka Quadrille has of late become so fashionable that the very few which are printed with figures do not satisfy the demand. Both music and figures of this Quadrille have the unqualified endorsement of a number of "belles et beaux" in this metropolis, who have often tried it and found it really *ne plus ultra*.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE VIOLIN. 50

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR THE GUITAR. 50

These volumes are the first of a new series of attractive low priced books of instruction and music; for all kinds of musical instruments. They are exceedingly neat in typography, the types being clear and distinct and the paper and printing unexceptionable. The contents are of a popular kind, comprising excellent instructions, and a very choice collection of the best music of the day.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per copy. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

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